

# Richard Croker, the Fighter

Is Living Like a Prince in His Beautiful Irish Home.

Former Tammany Chief Has Certainly Chosen a Charming Spot in Which to Rest After His Strenuous Career in America.

Dublin.—Richard Croker displayed a distinct appreciation of the beautiful when he pitched his Tudor castle on the slope of the hills that encircle Dublin Bay.

Shown in by a neat-looking maid, your correspondent found himself in the presence of Mr. Croker himself, standing with a formidable looking pipe in his mouth, in the grand hall of the building, directing the operations of two local workmen, who were engaged in what seemed to be the rather difficult task of making the flue of the hall chimney work. It was a study in concentration. You might have imagined that nothing else existed at the moment, but the problem of that refractory flue.

Mr. Croker gave a friendly nod, and then resumed his attitude of absorbed contemplation of the work, until the crisis in the operations had passed, when he turned round to his caller with an inquiring gaze. On hearing that the Sunday World desired to have an intimate description of his home, and permission to photograph the interior, he replied: "There need be no trouble about the photographs, and going into his study brought back a roll of them."

"These," said he, "are all I've got. You are welcome to them."

Mr. Croker had just come in from a walk in the grounds, and wore a loose frieze overcoat, knickerbockers, brown stockings and heavy shooting boots. He looked in perfect health.

Your correspondent remarked that they believed in New York that he was about to return and take a hand in politics again.

"They're wrong," said the former boss of Tammany Hall. "I shall never return to American politics again—never! I think I've said that before more than once, and I'm not in the habit of going back on what I say. I'm out of American politics for good, but I hope to pay my personal friends there an occasional visit. When I go the papers will say that I am back on some political business, but they'll be wrong again."

Croker Has a Tiger.

There was no mistaking the quiet but perfectly polite determination expressed in his tone, and at the same time, by way of more effectively changing the conversation, or rather the entire center of interest, he led the way into the Japanese room.

Mr. Croker is a man who wants to get things done promptly, and always goes right ahead. I wanted to linger over some of the beautiful things he

There are few buildings in Ireland like Glencairne. Most of the great residential houses in this country were erected in the eighteenth century, when domestic architecture was conceived in somewhat commonplace vein. Glencairne is not unique, but is certainly exceptional in Ireland. It is a noble pile, crowned with an Irish tower in the center and a beautifully chaste Italian portico running from the hall door on the west, round the building to the south, and so to the gardens. The house is built of cut granite, and part of the wall of the original building, once the residence of a well known Irish judge, is incorporated in it.

In the Japanese Room.

But to return to the Japanese room. It is indeed a gem. There are no corners in it as in an ordinary room. The "corners" are all circular, and they are covered with charming and quaint Japanese tapestry. The ceiling is Japanese, with a perfect aviary of Japanese birds painted with excellent taste, full of life and movement. At the other side of the hall is Mr. Croker's own study. Here on the wall is an address from the Democratic club of New York, of which the ex-leader is absolutely proud. Here, too, are some books, many of them relating to American affairs, one by his friend, W. J. Bryan.

And here, above all, are large photographs of Mr. Croker's two dead sons. He shows the pictures to you without any apparent emotion, because he is a man who has mastered emotion. Presently, as you go through the house, you will see, off the large and handsome corridor upstairs, a very beautiful little oratory, the stained glass windows of which he has erected to the memory of these two boys.

Hall is Beautiful.

The grand hall, however, to which we retired from the study, is the principal feature of the house. It is a large apartment in dark mahogany, with an elaborately carved and massive old Irish mantel-piece. Around are tables and writing material, chairs, etc., as in a sitting room, and on the walls are portraits in oils of Mr. Croker's favorite horses and photographs of some of their famous relatives. All the chief rooms of the house radiate off this central hall, including the two I have already named, and the dining-room and drawing-room. In fact, standing in the grand hall you feel that you are in touch

It appears, belonged to Daniel O'Connell.

Old and Quaint Engraving. After this substantial piece of domestic comfort, the thing that seemed to excite Mr. Croker's interest most was an old and quaint engraving of a meeting of the pugilists, Heenan and Sayers, hanging among other things of the kind, in a passage leading to the billiard room.

I mentioned the billiard room. Like the large strong room, with the Croker archives, it is off Mr. Croker's study, and is a noble apartment, containing two tables especially made for Mr. Croker in the United States. This room can be entered not only from Mr. Croker's own room, but also from the hall and again from the grounds; and, finally, there is communication with the kitchen, to facilitate the attendance of servants. The walls are

rising majestically behind it, one of the Irish named "Golden Spears," by which has been vulgarized by English into "The Sugarloaf."

"After all, Mr. Croker," I ventured to say, "after a strenuous political and public life, this is pleasant place than New York in which to spend the evening of one's days."

He replied very quietly and without the least trace of a smile: "It is quiet."

All this time, whether inside the house or outside it, Mr. Croker puffed away at his big pipe, as contented a man as one could desire to see.

"It will be the crown of your racing career," I said, "if you carry off the blue ribbon of the turf?"

"Some people," he answered quietly, "seem to think it's a great thing. And one could not make out whether this imperturbable man was or was



THE MAIN HALL AT GLENCAIRNE



THE DRAWING ROOM

oak paneled, and decorated with oil paintings in chocolate tints, of many of the chief streets and buildings of New York, including Wall street, Tammany Hall, the post office, the city hall, Central park, Fifty-ninth street, Fifth avenue and the Democratic club.

The bedrooms are in the Adam style. The bathrooms, etc., are sumptuously fitted, and have beautiful tiled walls and floors, and all the bedrooms have their own supply of hot and cold water.

The drawing room and dining room were the two last apartments to which Mr. Croker conducted me. The most striking adornment of the drawing room is a gigantic tiger rug with the head raised, the jaws open and the terrifying teeth fully displayed.

Glad to Show People Around. "Mind the tiger," said Mr. Croker—a timely injunction, as one might easily trip over its head!

"A wonderful skin!" I answered admiringly.

"Yes," replied Mr. Croker. "I get the finest. I admire the tiger." The panelling is in bird's-eye maple, and here again the elaborate decorating of the ceiling is in the refined and delicate Adam style.

The dining room is the most spacious room at Glencairne. The walls, like those of the hall, are mahogany, the panelling being filled in with tapestry. The ceiling is also in mahogany, elaborately carved and molded. There is a beautiful sideboard in the same material, designed by the architect to harmonize with its surroundings. The thing in this room, however, which Mr. Croker shows you with most interest is a quaint and oriental-looking bowl, which he tells you with much satisfaction once belonged, like the old bed upstairs, to Daniel O'Connell. It is a punch jug, which would hold about a gallon of that inspiring concoction, which, according to a Cork poet, was accidentally discovered by St. Patrick; and Mr. Croker informs you, as he looks at it affectionately, that it was presented to the great Irishman by some of his admirers while in Richmond prison.

The Superb Stables.

And as to the stables, which, as I have already hinted, are the great source of interest at Glencairne to Mr. Croker himself.

He tells you as you look round the stables that he has 20 racers, but his chief interest at present is in Orby, a beautiful chestnut three-year-old colt with an eye that indicates character, and a form that connotes stamina and speed. He comes of the very best pedigree stock on this side, bred by Mr. Croker himself, by Orme, out of his famous mare Rhoda B. He has a half-sister here also, Rhodora, not by any means as handsome an animal.

Walking back through the grounds, with beds of wall-flowers, daffodils, narcissi, polyanthus, tulips, pansies and the like on either side, one notes in the distance, a few miles to the south, a gorge in the Wicklow hills known as the scarp, and further off,

not of that opinion himself.—N. Y. World.

Will Give Pet Proper Burial.

Members of the Rescue fire company are soliciting funds which will be devoted to buying a burial ground for "Old Mack," a fire horse which has been in the service of the Rescue for 27 years, relates the York, Pa., correspondent of the Philadelphia Press.

Mack is not yet dead and is still able to perform service. On account of his great age, however, the Rescue boys, all of whom have a kindly feeling for the faithful animal, realize that the horse cannot live many more years. They propose to purchase a lot and erect thereon a fitting monument to York's oldest fire horse.

"Mack" is considered to be one of the most intelligent horses in the city and is present at all banquets of the Rescue company.

At present he is not in active service, but is being kept at the engine house as a pet for the Rescue fire laddies.

Properties of Gasoline.

A gasoline tank rarely explodes. It cannot unless it contains gasoline vapor and air in explosive proportions, which latter condition is almost never present. It does not explode because it contains too little air or too much gasoline. Even if a tank of gasoline were to burst from heat applied to its exterior, the confined heavy gas would not explode if in contact with flame or fire, but would burn instead. A tank of gasoline with no vent would do considerable damage were it to burst and throw burning oil and flaming gas about, but 1,000 gallons of gasoline in a vessel's bilges would not be so dangerous from explosion as a hundredth of that amount. The larger quantity would burn rapidly, while the smaller would be sufficient, if mixed with the proper amount of air, to demolish utterly almost any boat.

Figuratively Speaking.

Statesmen in Washington, over their black coffee and cigars, are telling a little story about Chief Justice Fuller, of the United States supreme court. The chief justice, so the story runs, met an old-time friend, and after a hearty hand-clasp Mr. Fuller remarked:

"You are looking exceedingly well. Aren't you filling out a little?"

"No, indeed," replied the friend. "You probably think so because I'm looking Fuller in the face."—Judge.

What Success Means.

The man who accumulates riches at the expense of others has not made a success in his life. He has failed. He has starved his heart, warped his intellect, mutilated his better impulses until the better self that might have been a power for good lies at his feet, misshapen and lifeless.

The woman who overrides friends, family and conscience to better her social or financial position, is not a success to herself or to any one else.—Exchange.

## STONEWALL JACKSON

Stories of the Intrepid Confederate Commander.

WHEN HE BLUSHED AND FLED

His Retreat in Dismay From an Army of Admiring Women—The Only Man Who Could Put the General to Sleep, George Chamberlain, owner of lot No. 2158.

Among many other incidents in the career of General Stonewall Jackson, a writer in the Sunday Magazine tells of an occasion when the intrepid commander was entirely routed by the enemy—an army of admiring women who clamored about him to secure buttons from his coat, locks of hair or other souvenirs. As he backed, blushing, away he declared, "Really, ladies, this is the first time I was ever surrounded by the enemy!" And in confusion and dismay he made good his retreat. Of the other stories told of the general we quote a few:

He was never an ornamental soldier, being roughly clad and so plain as to be frequently taken for far less than he was. He and his staff were once compelled to ride through a field of uncut oats. The owner rushed out in great indignation, demanding the name of the leader that he might report him. "My name is Jackson," replied the general.

"What Jackson?" asked the irate farmer.

"General Jackson."

"You don't mean to tell me that you are the famous Stonewall Jackson?" the farmer stammered.

"That's what they call me."

The farmer took off his hat with great reverence and said: "General Jackson, ride over my whole field. Do what you like with it, sir."

He was a man of unusual religious devotion, but would always go to sleep in church. Perhaps it was because the church service was the only thing he could depend upon to go right along if he did not keep awake to watch it. His friends said that it was because of weakness resulting from his exertions in the Mexican war. When he was teaching at the institute he was ill, and all efforts failed to secure for him a night's rest. One of his friends in attendance suggested that the Rev. Dr. White be called in, as he was the only one who was ever able to put Jackson to sleep. In spite of this defection, however, Dr. White and his famous parishioners were fast friends to the end.

His men said of him that he always marched at daybreak, except when he started the night before. The celerity of his movements gave his division the name of "Jackson's foot cavalry." One of his men said:

"Moses took forty years to get the Israelites through the wilderness, with manna furnished all the way, but Old Jack would have double quickened it through on half rations in three days at the most."

Military leaders have usually approved the policy of subsisting on the enemy's country, but it was left for Stonewall Jackson to make the enemy himself the purveyor of supplies. The federal General Banks became known as Jackson's commissary general, and when his column was sent to turn off into the valley the report would go out, "Lee is out of rations again and has sent Jackson to call on his commissary general."

Jackson was like flint—cold, impassive, still, in time of peace. But at the sharp, swift stroke of military necessity the spark of his genius flew out and burst into flame that swept away all obstacles. When General Ewell was asked what he thought of Jackson's generalship in the valley campaign he replied:

"When he began it I thought him crazy. Before he got through I thought him inspired."

Before the end of the campaign Jackson had his men brought into a spirit like his own. The division reached a deep stream where the bridge had been burned. He sent for an engineer corps and also for some carpenters among his own soldiers. The engineers at once set to work to prepare plans, but two hours later the head carpenter appeared and reported, "The bridge is finished, general, and we can go on, but them air pictures ain't come yet."

The soldier may need religion as much as or more than any one else, for, as a rule, the tabernacles of the Lord are not spread on the tented field of the warrior. Stonewall Jackson, however, was an exception. He never failed to invoke the Prince of Peace entrance of the character and in the to preside over his battle. Old Jim, manner following: the same to be a his faithful servant, said:

"De gen'ral is de greates' man fo' pray'n' night an' morn'n' all times. But when I sees him git up sev'ral times in de night besides an' start in pray'n' I knows dar's gwine ter be semp'n' up, an' I go straight an' pack his haversack, 'cause I know he'll be callin' fer 'it fo' daylight."

It was fitting that he who found his life on the battlefield should find there the entrance into immortal life, but in the agony of loss Lee exclaimed, "Any victory would be dear at such a price!"

To his wounded general he wrote, "Could I have ordered events I would have chosen for the good of the country to have been disabled in your stead."

Some one has said that the Lord in his providence intended that the Confederacy should not win, and to prevent it he had to remove Jackson.

Real Vocation in Life. Every individual will be the happier the more clearly he understands that his vocation consists, not in ministering to others, but in ministering to himself. A man who does this will be worthy of his food and will not fail to have it.—Toistol.

NON-RESIDENT NOTICE

Pennsylvania Avenue. Sarah L. Singer, owner of lots No. 2158 and 2159.

Frank Bowers, owner of lots No. 2158 and 2159.

Leon Deau, owner of lot No. 2146.

George Chamberlain, owner of lot No. 2158.

Martha L. Collins, owner of lot No. 2159.

Robert L. Sweeney, heirs and State of Ohio, owner of lot No. 2152.

J. W. Shaw, heirs and State of Ohio, owner of lot No. 2178.

Non-resident owner of property as above described, will take notice that on the 13th day of May, 1907, the Council of the City of Marion, Ohio, passed a resolution to construct a Sand Stone Sidewalk on both sides of Pennsylvania Avenue, from Center Street to Indiana Avenue, in accordance with the plans, specifications and profiles on file in the office of the department of Public Service.

The cost of said improvement will be assessed upon said lots if not constructed within thirty days as required by law.

By order of the Council of the City of Marion, Ohio. CITY CLERK.

Star 7-5-12-07. Mirror 7-6-13-07.

ORDINANCE NO. 49. Authorizing the Sun Vapor Street Light Co. to locate lights.

Be it ordained by the Council of the City of Marion, State of Ohio:

Sec. 1. That The Sun Vapor Street Light Co., be and is hereby authorized to locate gas lights as follows:

At the intersection of Davids and Columbia Streets south side corner 100 feet north of the south end of Ellis Avenue, west side.

That the city clerk shall notify said company accordingly.

Sec. 2. That this ordinance shall be in force from its passage.

Passed July 1, 1907.

J. E. PHILLIPS, President Pro Tem of City Council.

Approved by the Mayor, Louis Scherr.

Attest: William Fies, Clerk.

Star 7-5-12-07. Mirror 7-6-13-07.

RESOLUTION NO. 44. To repair sidewalks.

Be it resolved by the Council of the City of Marion, State of Ohio:

That the sidewalks on the west side of North Main Street in front of lot No. 83, and in front of lots numbered 87 and 88, original plat of the City of Marion, Ohio, be repaired in the following manner, so that all of said sidewalks shall be at an even grade from the lot line to the curb line, in accordance with plans and specifications on file with the Board of Public Service.

That the Clerk of the Council be and he is hereby directed to cause a written notice of the passage of this resolution to be served as required by law.

Passed July 1, 1907.

J. E. PHILLIPS, President Pro Tem of City Council.

Approved by the Mayor, Louis Scherr.

Attest: William Fies, Clerk.

Star 7-5-12-07. Mirror 7-6-13-07.

RESOLUTION NO. 45. Authorizing the Board of Public Service to pave the intersection of Ellis Avenue and Mt. Vernon Avenue in the City of Marion, Ohio.

Be it resolved by the Council of the City of Marion, State of Ohio:

That the Board of Public Service be and they are hereby authorized and directed to pave the intersection at the corner of Ellis Avenue and Mt. Vernon Avenue, in the City of Marion, Ohio.

Passed July 1, 1907.

J. E. PHILLIPS, President Pro Tem of City Council.

Approved by the Mayor, Louis Scherr.

Attest: William Fies, Clerk.

Star 7-5-12-07. Mirror 7-6-13-07.

RESOLUTION NO. 46. Be it resolved by the Council of the City of Marion, State of Ohio:

That a sidewalk shall be constructed on the East side of Prospect street from present terminus of stone walk however, was an exception. He never failed to invoke the Prince of Peace entrance of the character and in the to preside over his battle. Old Jim, manner following: the same to be a his faithful servant, said:

"De gen'ral is de greates' man fo' pray'n' night an' morn'n' all times. But when I sees him git up sev'ral times in de night besides an' start in pray'n' I knows dar's gwine ter be semp'n' up, an' I go straight an' pack his haversack, 'cause I know he'll be callin' fer 'it fo' daylight."

shall be levied against the lots and lands abutting on both sides of East Center street from Grand Avenue to Madison Avenue to pay the cost and expense of constructing a brick pavement the sum of One Dollar and Ninety and Five-tenths Cents (\$1.905) per lineal foot.

STREET FROM CENTER ST. SOUTH.

Section 2. That a special assessment shall be levied against lot No. 221 abutting on the first alley east of State Street from Center Street south, to pay the cost and expense of constructing a brick pavement in said alley, the sum of One Dollar and Fifty-two Cents (\$1.52) per lineal foot.

Sec. 3. All moneys collected on the above assessments shall be applied to the payment of the notes and bonds issued to cover the cost of the same and for no other purpose.

Sec. 4. This ordinance shall be in force from and after its passage and legal publication.

Passed July 1, 1907.

J. E. PHILLIPS, President Pro Tem of City Council.

Approved by the Mayor, Louis Scherr.

Attest: William Fies, Clerk.

Star 7-5-12-07. Mirror 7-6-13-07.

RESOLUTION NO. 48. Declaring it necessary to improve Avondale Street from Silver Street to Blake Avenue to construct a sanitary sewer and cellar drain with necessary catch-basins, with laterals to the curb line, and of a suitable size, determining the general nature of the proposed improvement, the grade thereof, and approving plans, specifications and profiles therefor.

Be it resolved by the Council of the City of Marion, State of Ohio, three-fourths of all the members elected thereto concurring.

A. That it is hereby declared necessary to improve Avondale Street from Silver Street to Blake Avenue by constructing a sanitary sewer and cellar drain, with laterals to the curb line, of suitable size and dimensions, therein, with the necessary catch basins, in accordance with the plans, specifications, estimates and profiles of the proposed improvement prepared by the City Engineer and now on file in the office of the Board of Public Service which are hereby approved.

B. That the grade of said street as improved shall be as shown on the plans and specifications.

C. That the whole cost of said improvement, less one-fifth thereof, shall be assessed by the foot frontage, upon the following described lots and lands, to-wit: All lots and lands bounding and abutting upon the proposed improvement which said lots and lands are hereby determined to be especially benefited by said improvement; and that the cost of said improvement shall include the expense of preliminary and other surveys, and of the printing and publishing of said notices, cost of construction, together with interest on bonds issued in anticipation of the collection of the deferred installments of assessments, and other necessary expenses.

D. That the assessment so to be levied shall be paid in five (5) annual installments with interest on deferred payments and not to exceed six (6) per cent. per annum, providing that the owner of any property assessed may, at his option, pay such assessments in cash, or any number of installments of the same at any time after such assessment has been levied, with interest on the same to the semi-annual interest day of said bonds next following the date of payment.

E. That bonds of the City of Marion, Ohio, shall be issued in anticipation of the collection of the assessments by installments and in any amount equal thereto.

F. That the remainder of the entire cost shall be paid by the issuance of bonds as required by law.

Passed July 1, 1907.

J. E. PHILLIPS, President Pro Tem of City Council.

Approved by the Mayor, Louis Scherr.

Attest: William Fies, Clerk.

Star 7-5-12-07. Mirror 7-6-13-07.

ORDINANCE NO. 48. Accepting Bain Brothers' 3rd addition to the City of Marion, Ohio.

Be it ordained by the Council of the City of Marion, State of Ohio:

Section 1. That the Third Addition of Bain Brothers' being a tract of land in the City of Marion, Ohio, bounded on the north by the C. C. & St. L. R. R. Right of Way, on the east by True's Official Survey 325; on the south by Wilson Avenue and on the west by Clark Dix's First Addition to said City, and being the same premises conveyed by Frank A. Huber, and wife to said John H. and George S. Bain by deed of October 9, 1906, recorded in Vol. 110, page 123, of Records of Deeds of Marion County, Ohio, be and the same is hereby accepted. (And all the streets and alleys as marked on the plat of said addition be and the same are hereby accepted as such.)

Sec. 2. The lots in said addition shall be numbered from 8406 to 8423 consecutively.

Sec. 3. This ordinance shall be in force from and after its passage and legal publication.

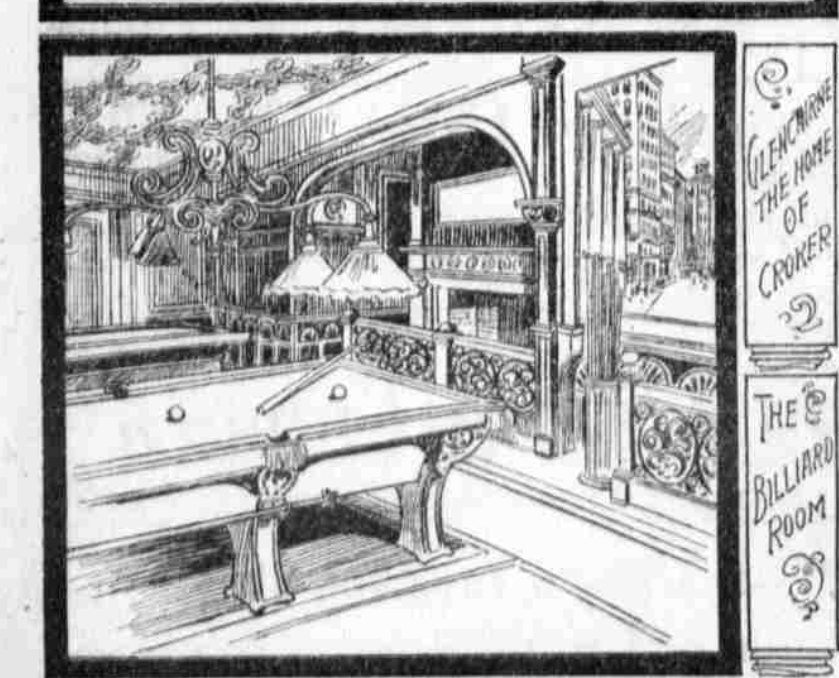
Passed July 1, 1907.

J. E. PHILLIPS, President Pro Tem of City Council.

Approved by the Mayor, Louis Scherr.

Attest: William Fies, Clerk.

Star 7-5-12-07. Mirror 7-6-13-07.



THE BILLIARD ROOM

had brought to his beautiful house, but as we passed through the rooms he was always most unconsciously marching on. Indeed, proud as he is of his fine mansion, and of all the valuable things that are in its many rooms, Mr. Croker is far prouder of his stud. That was what he wanted me to see all the time.

But before we came to the stables I was able to get a good general impression of Glencairne itself. The entrance gate, in solid cut granite, seems rather strange to an Irish eye, and looks like the gable of a house in an old Belgian town like Broges. The lawns and flower beds are laid out with great taste, and today are a perfect riot of green and colors.

with the whole house. For the main staircase rises out of this hall also and so brings you at once to the upper part of the mansion.

The staircase is a noble one, six feet wide, also in carved dark mahogany. At the top there is a stained-glass window, with the arms of the various branches of the Croker family as given in Burke.

On the left of the staircase, as you go up, there is a fine piece of tapestry, showing Glenc